Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : : : FEBRUARY 22.

WASHINGTON AND HIS WORK.

George Washington was a starched and be-wigged aristocrat of the old English school who, in his mature years, threw class privileges behind him and became a democrat. Though brought up with reverence for kingly power he not only made single-minded war upon his sovereign to establish popular rights but he refused the crown of the people's empire he had helped to found and, by declining a third term in the presidency, set a definite limit to the ambitions of the Executive.

Herein lies his title to greatness—his right to be remembered by the nation on the 22d day of February of each year. He was not one of the world's great generals. Usually he was beaten or foiled in battle and but for the timely aid of the French he might have lost the war. The constructive statesmanship of the revolutionary period may be credited, chiefly, to Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams. But Washington was needed to keep true the great purpose of the revolutionary movement and he did it when every one else seemed to falter. As President he continued the work begun in the field; and to him may be credited the refusal of the infant republic to invite the peril of a second war with Great Britain when Citizen Genet came to plead for it in the name of America's old ally, the French King.

As the typical democrat in his politics if not in his antecedents; as the patriot who never despaired of the republic; as the firm and incorruptible administrator, Washington found a part to play which abler generals and more brilliant statesmen might not have performed so well. And as time goes on one realizes more strongly how important it was to future generations and to the world, to have the destinies of the revolutionary movement in such hands. Had Washington been a Caesar, who always won his battles, or a Bismarck, who played with chancellories, the new republic might have taken an irretrievable road towards militarism and a disturbance of the peace; but the nation was chastened on the way to its triumphs and so became content with the isolated place in affairs and the quiet growth in strength and virtue which were needed to fulfill its later missions.

THE FARMER NOT A PAUPER.

People who want Hawaii to continue in the baronial era of its development, as a land of vast sugar and grazing estates, profitable to a comparatively few white men and inhabited chiefly by the yellow races, raise curious objections to the small farmer. Some of these objections we have already discussed. The most common plea of them all rests on the assumption that the small farmer is a pauper. "We don't want anybody to come here," say the pessimists, "who will be left on our hands to take care of or send home." The idea seems to be that the small farmer will come as a stowaway or a steerage passenger and if he doesn't find a piece of free land where he can settle and harvest pineapples at once, he will lapse into a public charge.

The American small farmer of the sort who has built up the great west and is following the flag over the Pacific is no pauper. As a rule he can be counted on to pay his way. He has money to buy or improve land, to buy stock, build a house and barn and tide himself over while crops are growing. It does not cost him much to live and he is always thrifty. A life-long experience has taught him that he cannot expect to get something for nothing; and when he makes a long move he takes no chances with the money question. Look at the Wahiawa colonists! Have any of them become public charges? All over the islands, here and there, are small farmers who are making their way. They are not the sort of men who have to fall back on the Associated Charities. The man who comes to graft himself on the town instead of the country is more likely to be the pauper. The one who enters Hawaii to wrest a living from the soil is of quite another type.

Kansas is full of such men and despite blizzard winters and drouthy summers, despite grasshoppers and cyclones and oppressive railroad rates they are making Kansas one of the great rich States. Today the farmers there are buying school bonds in New England towns. Long ago, with the aid of a few good crops, they lifted their mortgages; now they are investing their surplus. Throughout the country the farmers constitute the greatest source of wealth and the greatest aggregate of accumulation. In 1890 the export values of American agriculture were $835,858,123; and the export values of every domestic production, agricultural included, were $1,370,763,571 or a credit to things other than agricultural of but $534,905,448. Instead of being the national pauper the American farmer is becoming the national capitalist. He produces more wealth than every other producing class. It is said that of all business men in the world only about five per cent succeed; that is to say, retire with competencies. The statement goes with it that fifty-three per cent of farmers retire with enough to keep them. The figures are given, without special authority, in an agricultural journal, but the more they are thought of and compared with what any Eastern man has observed among merchants and farmers, the more credible they appear. Whatever impression to the contrary exists is largely due to the fact that the farmer expends as little as possible upon the externals of wealth and is plain and simple in his tastes.

The Advertiser speaks of the baronial era of Hawaiian development, but in no spirit of hostile criticism. The point it makes is that the baronial plantation can survive and for the good of the country ought to survive so long as it is a source of profit; but that the vast area of land it cannot and does not occupy should be turned over to the man who will develop its latent resources. These wide mountain plateaus and lantana-covered slopes are so much undeveloped wealth, the raw material of fortunes. They are the natural abodes of farmers; the places to grow the special products which are in wide demand but are not produced here as yet in great export quantities. Is there any reason why these fertile slopes should not be settled up?

PARK APPROPRIATION.

Among the innumerable claims for appropriations which will be presented to the Legislature those for parks in this city should be placed near the top of the list.

Kapiolani Park for the first time is brought within easy reach of the public, through the medium of the Rapid Transit cars, and the direct interests of the local public, as well as the indirect benefit of presenting an object of beauty to tourists, call for a greater expenditure than the meager sum heretofore granted.

Thomas Square is a neglected waste and "Aala Park," save the mark! is a standing disgrace to the town. In the poorer section of the city a park is more urgently needed than in any other. In other parts of the town large yards render the needs for a park less urgent, but at Aala the dusty street alone is available for fresh air. Blessings on the head of the legislator who will act the Moses for Aala Park and lead it out of the wilderness of dirt, mud and desolation to which it appears to have been abandoned.

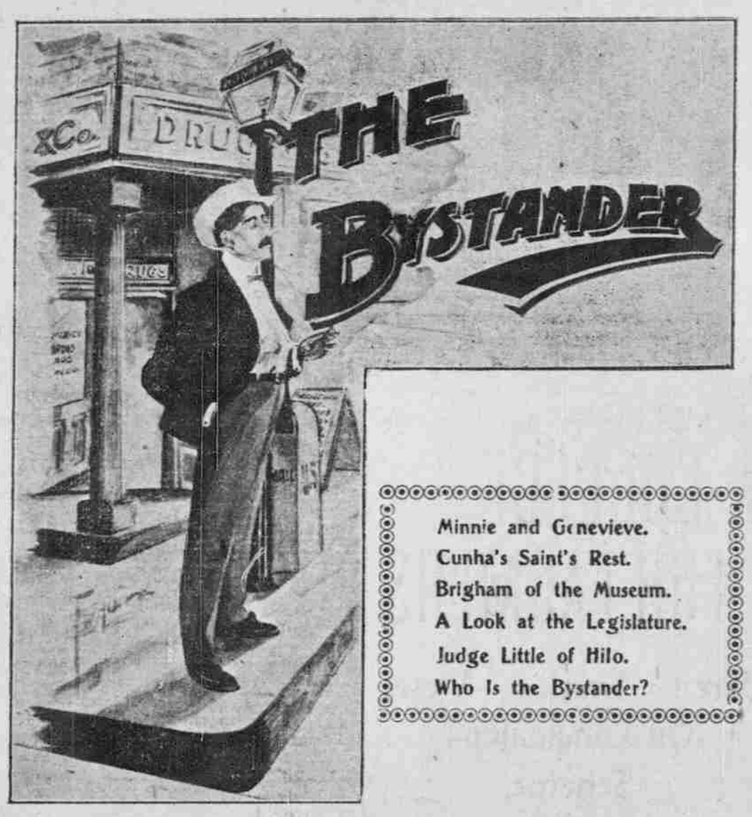
It is to be hoped and urged that enough money may be given the Humane Society to enable it to carry on its work. The civilization of any place can be measured by its treatment of dumb beasts. Here in Honolulu are thousands of Asiatics whose conceptions of kindness, immature at best when they apply to individuals, do not embrace the four-footed servants of man. As a rule Asiatics are cruel to horses, cattle and other quadrupeds and they need to be reminded, by the agents of the law, that even dumb animals have feelings. It does not cost much to maintain a Humane officer but the burden falls on the public. The Society, of which Mrs. Alexander Hawes, Jr., is one of the officials, will make good use of contributions of money.

The Fowler bill, which the Federal House is debating, provides for the maintenance of the gold standard, an elastic currency, the equalization of rates of interest throughout the country, and the amending of the national banking laws. The bill provides for the establishing of a Board of Control of Banking and Currency in place of the Comptroller of the Currency.

While General Washington was trying to drive the British out of the State of Rhode Island in 1778, Capt. Cook in the "Resolute" and "Discovery" discovered these Islands.

If the Legislature does its duty in the matter of an advertising fund, small farming will have a boom in Hawaii and tourists will once more enliven the Territory.

If Balfour succeeds in settling the Irish land question he will win where Gladstone worried.



Minnie and Genevieve.
Cunha's Saint's Rest.
Brigham of the Museum.
A Look at the Legislature.
Judge Little of Hilo.
Who Is the Bystander?

Two white Olyphants are coming among us—Minnie Estelle and Genevieve Valetto—described as "woman evangelists on a tour of the world." Miss Gussie, the other one, got married, poor thing, and if she gets a tour of the world her husband will have to dig up. Maybe he will be glad to. Willie, the little brother, a pale intellectual soul, got a tour to another world without passing the collection plate. He had housemaid's knee, with pimples. So all we are to get are Minnie Estelle and Genevieve Valetto, and brethren, it beseems us, under Providence, to bear this infliction as one of those inscrutable dispensations which visit even the most worthy of us and seem designed to teach meekness of spirit and mortification of the flesh.

It is not for me to decide what Minnie and Genevieve shall do for our good, but judging from past experiences with "woman evangelists on a tour of the world," their Providential interposition will take form like this:

Monday—Arrive and get interviewed by the press so as to attract the attention of good people with spare rooms.

Tuesday—Get the spare rooms and found.

Wednesday—See Slumtown, Chinatown and the saloons.

Thursday—Hear a charge to the grand jury by Judge Gear on the need of more moral safeguards for young men.

Friday—Address the Legislature outlining a complete system for the reform of Darkest Honolulu and asking for an immediate appropriation.

Saturday—Mass meeting for men only at which Honolulu is described as an inner furnace of hell with special ovens for the skinflints of the church and the scoffers of the press.

Sunday—Union meetings. Addresses punctuated by gasps and sobs. Large collection.

Monday—Mail letters to the mainland press describing Honolulu as the Devil's red clover field. Change money into drafts on Yokohama. Farewells at steamer. Leis and loose change.

The next we hear of Minnie will perhaps be her marriage to a fortune-hunter. Genevieve may have enough ahead to complete her tour and spend three months in Paris without calling upon the brethren for more funds.

Neighbor Cunha, the man with the fine open countenance and no hair, has built himself a retreat just beyond the end of the car line in Manoa. Six days of strenuous toil in the spirituous vineyard induced him to seek a Sunday of spiritual rest. The first Sabbath he went out, a wind which he suspected of coming from George Davis, blew down the fence. During the following week he built another fence out of stone, making it three feet high and four feet wide, so that if it blew over it would be a foot higher than it was before. But his troubles were not done. On the following Sunday, just as Cunha was dozing off in his hammock, somebody committed assault and battery on a piano not far away and this stirred all the music in the soul of Andrade's pigs on the other side of him and they started up on so many different keys that Cunha's horse ran away and he broke a suspender in getting out of the hammock. Before he had fairly expressed himself a special messenger came from Sonny saying that the game was going against him and he wanted another twenty. That saddened Cunha and he is thinking of asking his congregation for a four months' vacation in Hilo where he can vegetate.

My, my, what a flutter there was last week among the 175. So many asked who "Bystander" was—confidentially, don't you know. They wouldn't tell anybody; just wanted a tip themselves. Even my debonair friend Armstrong was held up and forced to deny the soft impeachment. Almost everybody denied it with equal candor if not with equal grace. Martin, of the Gossip Exchange on Fort street, refused to be interviewed on the subject and suspicion points strongly in his direction. Martin ought to be watched.

I see that the trustees are being asked to remove Mr. Brigham from the Bishop Museum. I hope they will do nothing of the kind. It is said that Mr. Brigham called Father Damien an "old rascal." Without knowing the facts I think it altogether probable that he used harsher language than that. What of it? If there is a man, woman, child, nationality or class in Hawaii whom Brigham has not ripped up the back and consigned to perdition, times without number, I have not heard of them. If there are such it must be because he has not heard of them. Brigham is a professional misanthrope. His tongue has a scorpion twist and besides, it is hung in the middle and drips gall and bitterness at both ends. The Bishop trustees know this. They knew it before Brigham was appointed to the position he holds. Everybody has known it for years. Then what?

Mr. Brigham is not employed at the museum as an exponent of charity, light and sweetness; but because he knows more about Hawaiian antiquities, and has more valuable knowledge about classifying, arranging and describing them, and greater ability to give practical expression and direction to that knowledge, and information of a kindred character, than any man living.

The museum is a marvel—a monument to Mr. Brigham's patience, faithfulness, industry, intelligence and artistic taste. It never would have been what it is but for him. The work is not yet complete. His removal will

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CURRENT COMMENT

W. N. ARMSTRONG

"Civis Secundus" takes up two columns of this paper in conclusively proving that he failed to see the point which I made regarding Dr. Jordan's criticism on the use of tobacco by women. The next time he is out a-hunting I hope he will hire a dog who knows the real scent. Dr. Jordan did not discuss the evils of tobacco and alcohol; that was not his point. I did not discuss them; that was not my point. But he declared women were loathsome who used tobacco; that they were coarse and should be shunned for doing just what men do. My point is that he had no censure for men who used tobacco, but seemed to think it morally wrong for women to use it. I thought his position unfair; if it was right for one sex to use it, it was right for the other sex to use it, and from this aspect of the case no question arose as to the evil of using tobacco; as between men and women who smoked, it was simply a question of social usage.

"Civis Secundus" missed his text, just as a venerable darky preacher did, who preached for two hours, and at the close of his fervid remarks was told by one of his brethren that he had misread the text. Slamming together the covers of his Bible, he closed his eyes, raised his hands and exclaimed, "Oh! Lawd! Oh! Lawd! help me to unpreach dis 'ere sermon!" It is in order for Mr. Secundus to unpreach a discourse which is entirely irrelevant, and not within a mile of the point.

He has, however, delivered a hot blast against the use of tobacco. He should send marked copies to every shop where cigars are sold; there is enough fiery heat in it to set the cigar boxes in flames, and send up in smoke all the old plug in town, so that within a month, the only samples of the vile articles in town should be found in the Bishop museum. It would be well for "Civis Secundus" to push further, and import Mrs. Carrie Nation, who, with his able assistance, may stand on Fort street, and pull every cigar out of the mouths of the miserable reprobates who dare to defy the right. It is not newspaper articles which will do it, but true, self-consecrated knighthood which will make it perilous for any man to be seen on the street in the act of smoking. As "Civis Secundus" probably has the courage of his convictions, he might begin his campaign by "lying low" for the Governor, until he dashes with a blow, the cigar from his lips, and compels the Head of the Territory to flee to the mountains for a whiff of the weed. Down with everlasting talk! Let us have deeds!

While on the way to these Islands in 1877, after an absence of twenty-seven years, I stopped for a few days in Salt Lake City, in order to close up some railway matters, for clients, with Brigham Young. He invited my party to visit Salt Lake in a special train. Among the passengers was the wife of John T. Young, the favorite son of the head of the Mormon church. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with comparatively little education, but possessed of strong common sense. With her was an attractive lad, her son. She freely advanced to the ladies of my party, her views about the polygamy of the Mormons. She hated the institution intensely, but expressed her views in a confidential way. She was a milliner in Philadelphia, where John T. Young had met her, and had declared to her his secret but strong opposition to plural marriages, and she had consented to marry him with the understanding that she should never be confronted, in her own case, with this social condition. And she said, with intense feeling, "I can hold him with my love, I am not afraid of the future." The little boy sat in her lap.

Three months afterwards, as we steamed through the Golden Gate, on our return, I took a paper from the pilot. It announced the death of Brigham Young and the expectation of many that John T. would be his successor. But shortly it was said that the church was suspicious of John T. because he had only one wife, and might not stand by the "institution." He was ambitious, wished to be his father's successor, and, under the influence of his friends in the church began to waver in his loyalty to one woman. Finally, he yielded, and in order to prove his adherence to the church, took another wife. Mrs. Young, the first, at once fled to Philadelphia with her children. She refused to yield to her husband's plea, that he had married again only in order to maintain his position in the church. A divorce followed at a later period. The child whom I met in the cars, on the excursion to Salt Lake, was Wm. Hopper Young, who has just been convicted of the murder of a Mrs. Pulitzer of New York city, and must now serve a life sentence for the crime. He had become alienated from his father, owing to his dissipations, but the latter finally came to his aid, when he was involved in a trial for his life. I have heard varying reasons for the failure of John T. Young to reach his father's eminent position. The sufficient reason, no doubt, is that he did not possess sufficient ability to place himself in the position of a leader. In these later days, many writers of note are placing Brigham Young among the great leaders in the founding of American communities. His genius for organization, and his success in settling vast tracts of land with an industrious population, casts into the shadow his moral imperfections. He was a successful man, and success is a capital and effective whitewash for iniquity, as the world still believes.

In a book entitled "A Chinese Quaker" Mrs. Nellie Blessing-Eyster of San Francisco relates the history, under a thin guise of fiction, of a young Chinese boy, accidentally met and adopted in that city, by a Quaker lady, who had, before she met him, regarded the Chinese population of Chinatown with intense dislike. He soon showed great intelligence, and adopted the peculiar expressions of the "Friends," using the words "thee" and "thou" in his conversation. He received a collegiate education in the Pacific University of San Jose, in which place a number of wealthy, educated and refined Quakers reside. The story concerns his mental and moral evolution, under the influence of his new environment; especially the gradual change of his ideas regarding religion and women, and the place women take in American civilization. With singular wisdom, his adopted mother secured for his instruction in the best Chinese literature, the services of a learned Chinaman, so that he became proficient in the knowledge of what Chinese society demands of its scholars, and without which he could hold no prominent place in China. In the book of Rites, "there are three hundred rules of ceremony, and three thousand rules of good behavior." It is of more importance to learn reverence, respect and courtesy than to acquire other knowledge. Tong Sing Wing, for that is his name, acquired all of them with ease. He resolved after he had been graduated to return to China, and live among his own people. Before returning he became well grounded in mining and civil engineering. On returning to China he was associated with a rich and rather liberal Chinaman who was interested in large mining projects, and soon took charge of the conduct of mines. One of the capitalists who stood behind him was Tong King Sing, the head of the great China Merchants' Steamship Company, who in 1881 put at the disposal of King Kalakaua, a steamship for his sole use in making a trip from Shanghai to Tientsin. Sing was a successful man. Several years ago, he received the rank of a high mandarin, and at the present time has a large influence in public matters. He has never abandoned his Quaker faith, and maintains a constant correspondence with the lady who adopted him, and whom he affectionately calls his "mother in love." His letters to her, as published in the book, show as perfect a use of the English language as that of any graduate of an American college. He married a Chinese lady, and from his letters to his "mother in love" he seems to have unreservedly abandoned the traditional ideas of the Chinese regarding women, for he says of his wife, "she shall be my Queen; not according to the Chinese custom, my slave and inferior." He calls her "Spirituelle." His letters also disclose much valuable information regarding the social and political condition of the Chinese. He even approves of the victory of the Japanese over his countrymen; "it will awaken the Chinese as a nation into activity, and the acquisition of foreign knowledge. This will compensate for the horrors of the war." The biography presented in this book is certainly extraordinary, and is well worth reading.

In the book is an extract from a conversation, quoted by John Russell Young, who was formerly Minister at the Chinese court. It presents the words of a wise old mandarin, who was once in the cabinet of the Chinese Emperor, to a foreign statesman.

"You would have us in a day become as the United States or England. You overlook the unique conditions of our society, the burdens of many ages, the exigencies of ancient and venerated customs, the wants of a teeming population. You would have us topple over this past, with which for centuries we have been content, unconscious of the blessings you now bring in open hand."

"Now let me tell you. You are, as I have said, angry. But if we were to take your advice you would be angrier still. You complain that we go too slow. You would soon complain because we were going too fast."

This prophecy will prove to be true. When China wheels into the march of our own civilization, as Japan has done, and unites with Japan, in confronting the world with millions of armed men, and powerful navies, we shall as a trading nation, bitterly regret that we have suddenly forced these nations into the open. There is a vast territory of China that is not occupied. We are teaching her people how to open up these solitudes with railways, and make them fertile with irrigation. We are pressing on her the use and purchase of the very best machinery with which she will become our dangerous competitor in production. We who live in the frontier post of Hawaii, or rather our successors, will be shaken by the wash of the great waves of the new Oriental civilization as it sweeps across the Pacific and thunders on the American Coast.

Some of the intelligent women of these Islands made a strong effort in 1894 to secure in the Constitution of the Republic a provision for female suffrage. They failed, and under the circumstances, that is, the preponderating number of native females in the Islands, it was fortunate that they did not succeed. They may take comfort, however, in the success of female suffrage elsewhere.

While the women of Colorado have not washed out the pig-stys of political trickery, they find themselves a strong power in the State; a power which the politicians dread. Edward O. Wolcott, formerly a United States Senator, was recently defeated in an election for Senator, and Senator Teller was re-elected. Teller was a pure man, morally, and Wolcott was not, in

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